

The
AGAWAM
MIRROR



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The AGAWAM MIRROR

AGAWAM HIGH SCHOOL

AGAWAM,

MASSACHUSETTS



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EDITORIALS

"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers."—Alfred Tennyson.

LOOKING FORWARD

What will the world be like three hundred years from today? This question offers much food for thought.

To get some idea of the possibilities, compare our age with that of the Pilgrims, three hundred years ago. Their life was leisurely and slow. Today leisure is a luxury which has to be earned. In the future man may have to speed up his method of living even more than at present to keep up with the changing times. Learned men of the Pilgrims' day knew very little when compared to our scientists; perhaps our descendants will make even greater strides and prove how little we know.

In 1636, to people in America, Europe seemed far away; in 1936, Europe is very close and even looming as a threat to peace.

What will the world be like three hundred years from today? Perhaps rocket ships will be shooting through the sky, a complete meal will be contained in a few tablets, cities of immense populations will be erected in immense caverns, and instruments of war will be so powerful that the fear of being destroyed will keep all the nations at peace.

As Agawam celebrates its six hundredth anniversary, its inhabitants will probably be looking forward into the future and asking the same question that we do today—What will the future bring?

Paul Adams.

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

While tending their sheep on the Oriental hillsides, the shepherds suddenly became aware of a bright star. By means of this glowing herald of the Christchild, they were guided to their destination. They travelled a long, weary way to lay their gifts at the feet of the new-born King. They endured many hardships, because they felt infinite love, and good will towards all men.

Do we, in the hustle and bustle of the present-day Christmas season feel the spirit of the shepherd? Or are we so wrapped up in making the festivities and gifts so much the day's work that we are missing the deeper, sweeter strain of the natal day of our Savior?

Let us give reverence and adoration to Him. Then, giving our best to Him, let us all enjoy a merrier and happier Christmas than ever we had before.

Gloria Brown.

STUDENT CLASSIFICATION

As we look back on the pages of history, we find that the people of nations were divided into classes. In school, even today, students are aware of the distinctions between them. Why should we wait for historians to classify us? Let's classify ourselves!

At the head of these classes we can place the extraordinarily brilliant boy. He is the student that always knows the answers and

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makes sure that he lets everyone know that he does. He is not at all handsome, but tries to make up for that by showing off his knowledge. Fortunately, not many students belong to this class.

Next on our list is the normal student. He isn't very intelligent but manages to pass nearly every time. He is not so dignified and obedient as the former fellow. He is often seen engaging in a rubber band conflict with another member of his class. His compositions contain run-on sentences and misplaced modifiers. Students think him fairly good looking, but we must remember that he has an opinion of himself that is far more flattering.

Then comes the king of sports! He is the idol of the school, and he apparently knows it. He is the boy who goes out for small blonds. You can tell him by the artificial wave in his hair. He is far better behind the bat than behind a book, however. He rarely manages to get above seventy.

Then, there's another kind of student we shouldn't omit. There's the boy who comes to school three days out of five and makes up a quarter of his work. His witicism has whiskers, and his teachers have gray hair. He delights in answering out of turn, and when the teacher comes to him, his meager supply of knowledge is exhausted.

All students come under one of these classes. But whether intelligent, normal, athletic, or abnormal, you are only one of the many blended together in that huge melting pot called the student body.

Roland Perusse.

THE RIVER

The rolling countryside was at peace in the wild autumn beauty of primitive nature. A silently flowing river sparkled in the sunlight, its clear waters reflecting the splendor of the wooded banks in every colorful detail. A passing deer glided across an open field and

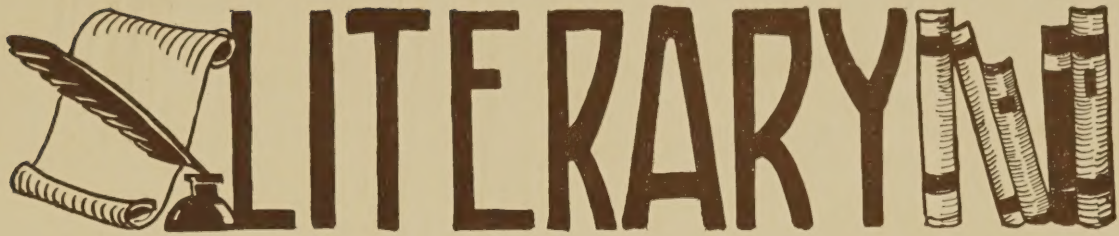
disappeared into the forest. Save for the occasional chattering of a squirrel, sylvan silence prevailed. This was all.

Such was the past, for all of this is now replaced by new things. Men has changed the scene! He has altered the very aspect of Nature, but the river alone still remains. Today it was this same river which saw the flight of the Hindenburg, an example of the world's scientific progress in a brief span of years.

Thus, down through the ages it has unfailingly witnessed the tide of events. In itself it symbolized Time, for it records all that passes, it reflects the present, and it, too, flows over onward. When these things, also, shall have long since vanished, the river alone will remain, for it is a permanent thing.

Margaret Brady.





LITERARY

"Beneath the rule of men entirely great
The pen is mightier than the sword."

—Bulwer Lytton.

SUMMER HOLIDAY

"Mr. Williams, would you be willing to tell me about the trip which you and Mrs. Williams took this summer?" I asked rather timidly.

"Surely, I'd be glad to," came the enthusiastic reply. "The Hindman Settlement School in Kentucky was the most interesting place I saw," he replied. "Poor boys and girls that come to the school have to pay only twenty dollars a year. They work for the remainder of their tuition. All the regular subjects, such as English and history, are taught by excellent instructors, and art and craftwork is emphasized. Boys and girls go from here to college, or back to their mountain homes. A number of them have become very successful."

"Are the buildings similar to ours?"

"No, they're not. The buildings are made of wood and are quite crude. It is comfortable inside, but there's nothing luxurious or very beautiful about the buildings."

Satisfied with the information I received about this school, I asked where he went next.

"From Kentucky we went to Norris, Tennessee," he continued. "The town has been built up in three years by the federal government. The little homes are very modern—everything is run electrically. The buildings are made of white brick and steel. The school, theater, gas stations and stores are run co-operatively. We were in Norris when the new

dam was opened for the first time. We liked Norris very much."

"Did you continue on your tour of the South?" I questioned.

"We went through the Luray Caverns which consists of twenty-seven acres of caves, with beautiful formations of stalactites and stalagmites. The entire place is very lovely with its indirect lighting. It is interesting to note that the thermometer in the automobile read 110 degrees while the temperature in the cave was fifty degrees, and we were told that it remained at the point throughout the year."

Without any further questioning Mr. Williams continued telling about the last few weeks of his vacation.

"The last week in August we went up to Quebec. When going up the Gaspé Peninsula, we found that the villages were very quaint and primitive. The people are poorly educated and live mostly by fishing. The St. Lawrence River is forty miles wide only a few miles from Quebec and huge ocean liners sail on it as far as Montreal.

One of the loveliest towns out on the point was Perce. The bird sanctuary island was the outstanding feature. Millions of ocean birds live here during the summer. The people of Perce catch great quantities of cod fish. These fish are dried and sold commercially.

Returning home we came down through Van

Buren. We passed through the potato fields of Maine just before harvest time."

"About how many miles did you travel altogether?" I inquired.

"We traveled about 4,000 miles," was the answer. "Nothing unpleasant happened to us during our entire trip—we didn't even change a tire!"

After thanking Mr. Williams for the interview, I left, wondering if I could do justice to his interesting trip.

Agnes Swanson.

ON HATS

Webster says "Hat—a covering for the head, especially one with a crown and a brim."

A few years ago, the word "hat" was becoming extinct among the smarter college men. Going bare-headed not only chilled his ears, but also gave him that elegant, university look. No doubt this was excellent for his hair, but it gave the men's haberdashery owners nervous break-downs. Only old business men wore hats, and they usually bought only one a season. So the manufacturers decided to make the nation's collegiates "hat-conscious." Pea-green, wine-red and midnight-blue were introduced to satisfy the male's primitive desire for bizarre colors. A high-pressure advertising campaign was instituted. Voila! Man's scalp no longer had to be made of leather to go through the winter without damage.

The fair sex, on the contrary, always was sensible about hats. Back in the gay days of 1925 the trend in hats was downward. Hats had to be that way to cover heads that the "boyish bob" left bare.

Then came the revolution! "Empress Eugene" swept the country. Eyebrows were raised unless milady's hat swept down on one side and up on the other. A huge, ostrich plume was usually perched where it would be most likely to wave in an escort's face, covering one eye, high, peaked crowns, low, flat

crowns, big, floppy brims, no brim at all—all have seen their day. Trimmings have varied from turnips to turtles. Materials have gone from seal-skin to onion-skin. Today, anything is possible (and probable). One could easily walk down the street wearing a not-too-radical lampshade, decorated with mother's favorite fern. Someone would surely stop and say, "My dear where *did* you get that angel of a hat?"

Aiva Johnson.

ON BEING A RED HEAD

Yes, we are some of that vast army known as "Red Heads." We have been endowed with a crown of that peculiar, conspicuous, laugh-provoking hair. Since the day we were born, our hair has proven a curse and an ever-present source of ridicule for passers-by.

The traditional freckles and hot temper that are supposed to go with red hair, are also supposed to be humorous, but we fail to see the humor of them. If we pass through a crowd of little children, one of them will inevitably howl, "Ho! ho! Red Head! ho! ho!" The rest of the group joins the chorus, and there we are. Some tactful person occasionally tells us our hair is getting brownish, or more on the blond shade, but passing by children on a trolley car, we are unmistakably assured that we have red hair and nothing but. Just when we manage to lure a boy friend, who for some peculiar reason doesn't loath red hair, along comes darling little Junior from next door, and with a look of horror on his sweet face, remarks in his saucy manner, "Horace loves a red head, ha! ha!"

We surely do lead a hectic life. But we suppose, if worse comes to worse, there is always just itching to be used that big bottle of peroxide on the kitchen shelf.

Abbie Abrams.

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AMATEUR HOUR

An old grey mare pulling an ancient buckboard was making its way down a seldom traveled country lane. As she plodded wearily along, clouds of dust rose and fell behind her. The glaring July sun beat mercilessly down on the only occupant of the old fashioned vehicle, and from time to time he wiped his gleaming countenance with a flashy red handkerchief.

His countenance was one that would have been noticed anywhere. The skin was marble white and was contrasted with a pair of deep set beady eyes which were set far apart. He sat upright in the wagon looking at the rich and fertile fields flanking the lane, but fields from which most of the garden products had already been harvested. In the near distance a small farmhouse could be seen, and undoubtedly these fields were the property of its owner.

The man at the reins of the buckboard suddenly halted the mare and called to a figure which had just risen from a kneeling position between two rows of young corn.

"Hello there, Jeff," he raised his voice to a tone suitable to be heard by the figure in the field.

The figure turned abruptly and waved.

"Wait a minute, Adam, I'll ride up with you," he yelled.

He picked up a hoe and came at a medium gait towards the wagon.

"Back so soon?" he greeted Adam, as he deposited the hoe in the wagon.

His large, walrus moustache was out of proportion to his small face.

"Sure, it didn't take long today. All I had to do was to get the groceries and the tickets," Adam answered.

"You got the tickets with you, have you?" asked Jeff, and added, "I was worrying about your forgetting 'em all afternoon."

"Of course I got 'em," Adam answered, acting annoyed. "Jumpin' Jehosophat, I

should think you'd know by this time that I has a sense of responsibility."

"Sure I know it, but when you mix with the fellers you fergit almost everything and I just kinda figgered—"

"You figgered," interrupted Adam with no little sarcasm and then looking heavenward breathed, "Good Lord. Don't waste your powers."

"Go ahead, try'n get your brains unscrambled and talk witty," Jeff sang back.

"Giddap," yelled Adams, almost pulling the horses to their hind feet with the reins.

"Well, you got the tickets anyway. Anybody new entered the fest?"

"Willie Saunders, the orphan boy."

"What's he gonna do in it? He ain't gonna try to sing is he?"

"I dunno," answered Adam. "All I know is that he's in it."

"End a' the line," cried Jeff as he slid spryly over the side of the wagon and grabbed a carton full of groceries.

"We gotta shake a leg, if we expect to eat, dress, and get to it by eight o'clock on the mantlepiece."

"See, here's the tickets," Adam answered by pulling out two pieces of yellow cardboard.

"Lemme see," said Jeff excitedly grabbing one.

"Fifty cents apiece," stated Adam, "But it's for charity."

"Admit One, Jameson Center, Indiana Annual Song and Music Fest, Entire proceeds goes to Jameson's relief fund," read Jeff. "Town hall, eight P. M. July twenty third."

"A hundred dollars, first prize," grasped Adam. "I wish I was in it instead of watchin' it."

"Me too," said Jeff, as he pocketed the yellow ticket, "but lets eat."

At a quarter to eight, that evening, the two old cronies hitched up their team outside the Town Hall and joined the milling throng entering the building.

"Here's two good seats," said Jeff, as he found places in the third row.

"This is close enough," agreed Adam, and sat down beside his partner.

"Couldn't be much better at that," stated Jeff as he looked around him.

"Who's that?" asked Adam pointing to a puny, bespectacled man walking down the aisle.

"Guess he's the pianist."

"Yep, that's who it is." "See he's a settin' down to it now."

"Oughta be startin' by now," said Jeff impatiently.

"There goes the selectmen up on the stage now," said Adam in answer to Jeff's opinion.

A fat, pompous personage now made his way up to the stage and a hush fell over the chattering audience.

"We are gathered here," began the fat man after clearing his throat violently, "to witness the parade of Jameson's musical talent. The winner will be awarded a one hundred dollar prize, and entrance to the state music tourney next month. Pick your favorite and vote at the end of the contest. I thank you."

The speaker received a huge ovation and then he introduced the first contestant, Millie York, a contralto, who began to warble some unintelligible song.

"What do you think of her," asked Jeff of Adam.

"I'm trying not to," groaned Adam in pretended agony.

"I wonder what Willie's gonna do."

"I only hope he don't sing."

"I didn't think he could do anything, poor kid."

The singer finished warbling and the audience pretended feebly to be enthusiastic.

"The next contestant is a talented artist who has just moved here from Chicago," said the pompous man, I am pleased to introduce Miss Vera Honey."

Miss Honey sang a fast fox-trot tune, which had the audience tapping their feet and humming. She received a great hand and took a bow.

In quick succession came a seedy violin player, a baritone whose voice wouldn't do what he wanted it to do, and a grey haired woman who had been an opera singer forty years before.

Then the fat, pompous individual introduced Willie Saunders, who didn't walk onto the stage but fell on. He was a tall, lanky individual, with big ears, a million freckles, and a fiery, red thatch of hair. He looked like a sick rabbit with his sheet-white face. His knees were knocking with a peculiar rat-a-tat-tat sound.

"Poor kid," sympathized Jeff, "he's scared stiff."

"Sure is," agreed Adam, "shh, he's gonna start."

The lad licked his dry lips and put a worn harmonica to his face. He started out weakly and then gained confidence and played ferociously. He was going fairly well, when someone giggled, and he swooped up the scale some eight notes. He found himself hopelessly off key so he stopped dead and ran off the stage.

The audience clapped weakly for him and straggled in single file to the ballot box on the stage.

"Who'd you vote for, Jeff?" asked Adam, as they returned to their seats to await the results.

"Oh, I just voted for Miss Honey," said Jeff. "She was best."

"Me too," agreed Adam looking out of the corner of his eye at Jeff.

The selectman laid down his pencil and rose to announce the results.

"The winner was chosen unanimously," announced he. "The winner is Willie Saunders, who received two hundred and thirty-two votes."

The people fell silent, looked at each other and began to clap as if in a dream.

"How come he won?" asked Jeff.

"I dunno," answered Adam, "I voted for him myself to tell the truth."

"I did too," said Jeff wrinkling his brow.

"I know now how he won," yelled Adam with a bright expression on his face.

"How?"

"Why did you vote for him?"

"Why, I—er, well so he wouldn't lose without getting any votes at all," answered Jeff.

"That's just it," announced Adam triumphantly, "everybody else did the same thing, see?"

"Wal, I swan," was all that a very, dazed Mr. Jeff Tobin could say.

John Quigley.

CHRISTMAS IN OLD RUSSIA

How would you like to celebrate Christmas for three whole days? That is what people did in Russia under the Czar's regime.

My father tells me that many days before the event everyone was busy preparing for the festivities. Hay and grain were piled high for the cattle. The annual pig was cut, and prepared, for the Christmas dinner.

Finally, when the night before Christmas arrived, the evening was celebrated with a special supper. One of the main dishes consisted of barley and honey. When the family had been seated around the table, the oldest member would knock on the window and say, "Frost, Frost, come and have supper with us, but do not touch our oxen, swine, horses,

cows, chickens, or us." Sometimes the naming of objects would go on until the person exhausted his vocabulary. This superstition was handed down from the dawn of Russian History. It was originated because of the severe winters, and great damage done by the frost.

After supper, all the children and young folks went caroling from one village to another. Their reward consisted usually of food or money. On the way home they kept warm by throwing snowballs.

The next day everyone went to church in sleighs. After services the family had its Christmas dinner which consisted of various kinds of food. Watermelons were the most popular desert.

In the evening the older people often times went visiting. Among the visitors were usually old men with long white beards. These old gentlemen loved to tell hair-raising experiences which dealt with pale faces, hanging jaws, and bulging eyes would tremble in silence and forgetting where they were, would utter a piercing shriek or call "mama" in broken sobs. At this point the younger children were sent to bed, but the older boys escaped this duty, and would linger in suppressed tremor, eager to hear another tale of the grave walker.

The next morning, the people slept late, but were eager and ready as ever to begin another day of celebration. This day was spent feasting, visiting, taking sleigh rides and telling ghost stories. The close of day brought Christmas to an end, but left vivid memories of joy and contentment.

Sonia Protzenko.



YOUTH HOSTELS

I never before realized how much one misses by traveling in automobile until this summer. As a member of the American Youth Hostel Association, I took a trip on my bike on the White Mountain Trail from Northfield, Massachusetts, the headquarters of the Youth Hostel in America, to St. Johnsbury, Vermont, and home again.

The Hostel Movement, which was started in this country by Isabel and Monroe Smith, gives an opportunity to American young people for inexpensive travel. The organization plans different routes, marks them, and provides accommodations for the moderate sum of twenty-five cents each night. These accommodations are usually in farm houses, selected by the organization. The hostel parents act as advisers.

One of the rules is that hostellers are to be in bed by ten. Usually we were glad to abide by this after a strenuous day of riding. The beds were either in a corncrib, a pile of hay, or in bunks but to a hosteler it made no difference. Each day we got up at an early hour, took a shower whenever possible, dressed, and then prepared our own breakfast. After tidying up the hostel rooms which usually consist of kitchen, recreation room and sleeping quarters or the home of the hostel parents, we then departed for the next hostel approximately fifteen miles away.

While riding we found time for sight seeing and exploring interesting places, some of which were Lost River, Man of the Mountain, The Flume, Indian Leap, Aggasiz Baxin and Franconia Notch. I will never forget our climb over Franconia Notch for it was one of the hardest rides of the trip. At the foot of the Notch is a pleasing spring. A verse inscribed on a rock advises one to get his last drink of water before the five mile climb. This was one of the most beautiful parts of the trip. The woods on one side of the road were filled with bird calls while the deep valley on the

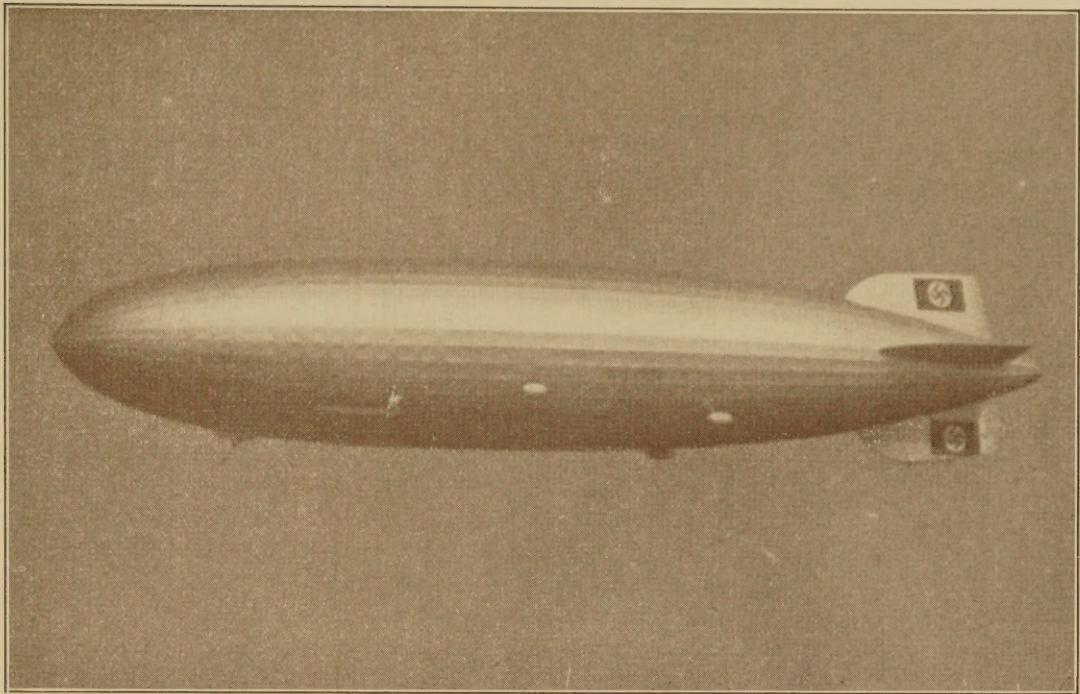
other side flung back their echo. Often stopping to rest among the pine needles we finally came to the highest point of the Notch. It looked from a distance as if we would drop off with the sinking sun to the valley beneath.

In America the hostels are new but in Europe seventeen countries have this organization. A European writes, "I hope the American Youth Hostels will not be luxurious. I like the rugged buildings best with their spartan simplicity. It is enough when the boys and girls find a dry place with not too soft a bed. Let them look for fire-wood to dry their clothes and cook their food. Let them clean the rooms themselves that they may learn to leave the place as they like to find it. That is good to show them what fellowship means, which is one of the most important things we young folks in all the world have to learn. fellowship, with everybody. This they will learn, helping each other in rude farmhouses. And then we have a saying in Europe, whichever bright fellow in America will agree with. 'Whatever builds strength is praiseworthy!'"

This experience remains one of the most profitable things in my life for I have made new friendships, learned about other people, and what it means to live simply and ruggedly.

Shirley Abell.





Courtesy of Mr. Hadley

The Von Hindenburg

THE zeppelin came to Agawam
Not very long ago
All the way from Germany
Our land to better know.

Like a silver fish so gracefully
Drifted through the sky
Reflecting back the sunlight
As it slowly glided by,

And as I stood and watched,
It made me realize
How close are all God's people,
How small this world in size.

Esther DePalma.

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NIGHT IN THE FOREST

Silver stars glimmer through the velvet sky, Night—
On the mysterious wood below.
Nature's children have gone to rest.
After the sun sinks low.

Fairies and nymphs begin the night,
With laughter, song, and dance,
The rollicking moon smiles down at them
As they sing, and whirl, and prance.

The dryads vanish to fairyland
As the moon begins to fade.
And stars go back to heaven,
As night begins to wane.

Avilda Goyette.

CONTRAST

Day—
The soft, yellow moon
Streams her silvery sheen
Upon the dark river
Which flows on endlessly
Into the dawn.

The round, luminous sun
Rising from the East
Beams upon cornfield brown.
At end of day this lustrous sphere
Sinks slowly in the West
As night creeps on.

Altina Bessette.

THE VISION

Down in the dull dark valley of
Inexperience
Where beginners work and play,
I looked up the well worn mountain of
Time.
I viewed its narrow, perilous, treading trail,
Where men plod and toil
Ever onward toward the veiled vision of
Success.

Elaine Thompson.

OUR YOUNGEST HERO

The whistle blows,
Our young hero glances
Quickly to the coach—
Receives a nod
Then madly dashes
On down the field.
Five, ten, twenty, forty—
"A beautiful run,"
Says the stands.
Another ten yards
Then raises his hand
To the waiting official.
Another nod,
And on he goes
With the pail of water
For the tired players.

Jean Atwater.

THE LAMP OF NIGHT

It appears slowly, silently, out of the east,
Lighting the way before its path
Over a carpet of inky black velvet,
The moon-lamp casts beams of golden light
Down on a dreamy world of sleep.

Arthur Sikes.



BOOK REVIEWS

"There is no frigate like a book
To take us lands away."
—Emily Dickinson.

MANFRED

By George Gordon Byron

Manfred, a young man of unusual qualities, has conquered fields beyond the ordinary scope of human endeavor. Through the strength of his own mind and will, and the knowledge of supernatural sciences, he has at his command seven spirits who rule the earth, oceans, air, night, mountains, and the star of his own destiny. Wholly lacking in human sympathies, his solitary life, peopled by unseen powers and memories of unspeakable horrors, is one of never-ending tortures.

Forgetfulness of things past, the one thing which he desires, is the only one which the seven spirits cannot grant. In desperation he seeks the kingdom of another spirit, where the shade of the more powerful woman whom Manfred loved and destroyed, appears. She tells him that he is to die on the morrow, bids him farewell, and when asked if she loves him, merely replies, "Manfred!"

The attempts of the kindly old Abbot to rescue Manfred from the depths in which he has plunged himself are in vain, and at last his death hour approaches. Spirits rise up and bid Manfred to follow them, but he defies them, saying that he was not tempted by such as they, but was his own destruction; they vanish, and Manfred dies.

This tragedy gives the pitiable fate of Manfred as an example of a man's self-destruction, resulting from the misuse of knowledge

and power. It reveals the dire effects caused when a man loses all interests and sympathy in his fellow beings, and lives for himself only; when a man destroys his soul to gain mental powers. Although Manfred is endowed with vast intellectual possibilities, his heart is cold and empty; it is for this reason that he rouses a deep compassion rather than any sort of admiration.

Byron reveals great depth of philosophy and subtlety of psychology in the solitary ruminations of his ill-fated hero, while the tragic emotional content is unusual. The poetry is highly descriptive, and reveals outstanding powers of imagination. Despite the fact that the poem is essentially romantic, its teachings can be successfully applied to certain aspects of everyday life.

Margaret Brady.

A DAUGHTER OF THE SAMURAI

Is there anything more fascinating than to be allowed an insight into the strange customs of the East—to marvel at the gorgeous dress, to wonder at the worship of so many gods, to respect and envy the fine appreciation of beauty, and to admire the sense of honor? The East, more than any other land, affords such opportunities for really interesting and educational study.

Madame Etsu Sugimoto, a native of Japan and now an instructor in Japanese history

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at Columbia University, has written an autobiography, concerning her life in Old Japan, America. It is entitled, *A Daughter of the Sumurai*. You will laugh with her when she describes kissing, never done in Japan. You will feel, with her, the tragedy of her beloved father's death. You will also feel anxiety, with her, over the welfare of her lovable children.

Madame Sugimoto's life is just filled with such events, and you'll enjoy her book from the beginning to the end.

Abbie Abrams.

WHILE ROME BURNS

By Alexander Woolcott

"While Rome Burns" is a diversified collection of extremely interesting and entertaining narratives, related by a delightful story-teller. Quite apparently, this book results from years of reading, journalism, and travel, for the author reveals the wealth of much experience in his work. Herein an illustrious host of acquaintances are portrayed, some with admiration, others with spite or humor. In addition to these character sketches of various well-known contemporaries, Mr. Woolcott presents several accounts of famous people who belong to passing or past generations.

The pitiable story of the Marquis of Villobar; the thought-provoking reunion in Paris of Anne Parrish and a long-lost book of her childhood; the gruesome tale of "Moonlight Sonata"; the supernatural happenings in an old mansion of New England; the author's discovery of the Holy Grail, otherwise known as the Great Chalice of Antioch, "exhibited with almost ostentatious reticence" at the Century of Progress Exposition; and portrayals of such widely differing people as Maude Adams, Paul Robeson, Charles MacArthur, Dorothy Parker, Frank Lloyd

Wright, Charlie Chaplin, Lillian Gish, and George Bernard Shaw are presented. Such is the procession which marches through these pages.

Here, indeed, is a book which holds interest for practically every type of person. A wisp of gossip, a tender tribute, a gruesome mystery, a supernatural folk-tale, a humorous reflection, or a bit of irony or criticism, all this, and more, is presented herein by one who has an inimitable gift of story-telling.

Margaret Brady.

THE STUDENT'S MANUAL OF MICROSCOPIC TECHNIQUE

The author, J. Carroll Tobois, explains that microscopy is a fascinating hobby which can keep the worker in a constant state of wonder at the natural beauties which he sees under his instrument. He goes on to explain that contrary to common opinion, enjoyment of this hobby need not be expensive. Practically no material can be studied in its natural state or place; it must be collected, and then prepared by a series of chemical or physical treatments that render it into condition for study. The author goes into great detail in giving all of the various steps required to prepare the specimen. In conclusion he explains the technique of photomicrography so that the marvels of the microscopic world may be preserved for all time. While the average person might not care for the book, it provides interesting reading and fills a long felt need in the mind of the serious scientific worker.

George Wood.



The Ship At Anchor

ROCKING and rolling in the restless sea
With its sturdy mast so tall
And skeleton-like rigging of ropes and chains
Silhouetted against the wind blown sky,
The gigantic ship, a lazy bulk —
Lies at ease in her bed of brine.
Her motions reveal her unanswered plea,
“So contentedly I lie,
So let me remain.”
But worthless is her hopeful desire.
A hurried process of laborous unloading,
And she is left a chamber of darkness and quiet.
Sails are hoisted to heavenly height,
Ropes are strung by sailors of strength,
And the anchor of steel is raised from the deep.
Her mightly sails are filled with the breeze
Once again she is ready for a weary trip
Plowing her way through the briny deep.

Stanley Kalinowski.



« « CLUBS » »

STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council has chosen the following people as officers this year: Angelo Cimaroli '37, President; Clarice Hewey '38, Vice President; Jean Atwater '37, Secretary; and Harold Atwater '38, Treasurer.

At the meetings the corridor and assembly situations have been discussed. New rules have been made and the old ones enforced in an effort to put disturbance at a minimum.

Angelo Cimaroli and Lino Schinelli attended a meeting of the Western Mass. Branch of Associated Student Councils which was held December 5th at Technical High School in Springfield.

TRI-HI

The Agawam Tri-Hi has divided its club into two sections. One is for Senior girls and the other for Junior members. This allows each group to proceed along its own interest. The Seniors have made new song books and are now working on crafts. The Juniors are studying etiquette and personal appearance. Twice a month the club meets together. Two of its special activities have been a spaghetti supper and a Thanksgiving dance. Both were well attended and enjoyed by all present.

The officers this year are: Claire LePage '37, President; Sophie Dymersky '37, Vice President; Mildred White '37, Secretary; Jean Atwater '37, Treasurer; Esther Brown '37, Inter-Club Council Member; Agnes Swanson '37, Program Chairman; and Muriel LePage '38, Junior Club Chairman. Miss Miller is the Faculty Adviser.

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS CLUB

At the first meeting of the International Relations Club conditions in Europe were discussed. Several speakers were secured. Among these were Miss Keeney who spoke on India, and Mrs. Chamberlain who received her trip to Germany this summer.

The officers of the club are: Walter MacNamee '37, President; Jean Atwater '37, Vice President; Rose Alvigini '37, Secretary; Fred Raynor '37, Treasurer; and John Quigly '37, Program Chairman. Miss Ward is the Faculty Adviser.

DRAMATIC CLUB

This year the Dramatic Club is under the direction of Mr. Langlois. The club presented "Why the Chimes Rang" for the Christmas Assembly and is working on its play for the One-Act Play Contest.

Its officers are: Robert Scannel '38, President; Aliva Johnson '37, Vice President; Dorothy Vancini '37, Recording Secretary; Agnes Swanson '37, Corresponding Secretary; and George Maillard '38, Treasurer.

CAMERA CLUB

Under the direction of Mr. Hadley the Camera Club has undertaken a course in photography—Fundamentals of film development, the objects necessary for a good picture and the study of portrait lighting have been discussed and demonstrated. Membership in this club requires the production of something in the photographic field.

(Continued on page 22)



NEWS



"Good news travels fast."

FACULTY CHANGES

The Agawam High School wishes to extend a hearty welcome to Miss Flory Costa, '30, a graduate of Massachusetts State College, who is teaching Senior High history and English; Mr. Paul Langlois, a graduate of the University of Maine, who is also teaching Senior High English; and Miss Dorothy Hastings, '31, a graduate of American International College, and the three year course at Bouve School of Physical Education, who is the new instructor of Physical Education for girls.

Three of our last year teachers were happily married last summer.

Miss Thelma Heidel, became the 'bride of Mr. Roy Cowing on June 27th. They are spending their first year traveling in the United States as Mr. Cowing's business necessitates.

Mrs. Herbet Jackson, the former Miss Muriel Andrews, of the English Department was married shortly after school closed. She is now living in Ithaca, New York where Mr. Jackson is teaching at Cornell University.

Miss Florence Henry was married to Mr. George Barks, last June. They now reside in Springfield where Mr. Barks is employed by the Fisk Rubber Company.

SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL HONOR ROLL

Seniors: Abbie Abrams, Paul Adams, Rose Alvigini, Agnes Arnold, Jean Atwater, Pauline Barbieri, Margaret Brady, Esther Brown, Esther DePalma, Avilda Goyette, Ruth Kerr, Claire LePage, Ralph Lucardi, Frank Meyer, Agnes Swanson, Elaine Thompson, and William Walsh.

Juniors: Shirley Abell, Enis Alberghini, Harold Atwater, Dorothea Atwood, Jean Brown, Ruth Cornfoot, Patricia Donnellan, George Dugan, Madelyn Light, Rita Moseley, James Shea, and Beulah Spear.

Sophomores: Gloria Brown, Wilbert Humphlett, Henrietta Kreczko, Roland Perusse, Fannie Rossini, Jeanette Smith, Georgianna Styner, Eleanor Tardo, and Mitchell Zielinski.

Freshmen: Victoria Ardizoni, Dwight Bailey, Norma Blackburn, Mary Bradley, Ruth Cesan, Robert Healy, Lillian Levesque, Elizabeth Roleau, Bernice Secord, Norma Swanson, Janet Wheeler, Annie Wylie and Earle Williams

JUNIOR CABARET

The Junior Cabaret was held on November 13th at eight o'clock. The hall was decorated to represent the "Harvest Season." A floor show was given featuring the "Personality Girls," a novelty tap dance by Josephine Sadak, and solo selections by Louise Brinker and Dorothea Atwood. The music for dancing

THE AGAWAM MIRROR

was furnished by Eddie Abrahamson and his Commanders. Refreshments were served. This evening proved to be a great success for the class of 1938.

W. M. L. S. P.

Members of the *Mirror* staff attended the semi-annual meeting of the Western Massachusetts League of School Publications, Friday, November 20 at the High School of Commerce. Registration began at four o'clock. After a short business meeting a very interesting talk was given by Mrs. Marshall Bragdon, teacher and author of two books of poetry. Following this, supper was served in the cafeteria. A social hour which consisted of dancing was enjoyed by everyone present. The meeting was brought to a close at 10:30.

The officers of the league are as follows: President, Robert Howard, Northampton; Vice President, Eileen Ryan, Westfield; Secretary, Silvia Glassman, Ludlow; Corresponding Secretary, Agnes Parlice, Huntington; Treasurer, Frederick Sullivan, Turners Falls.

LELAWALA

Indians! Tribal superstitions and petty warfares! All these were evident in our annual operetta. "Lelawala," under the direction of Miss Ruth Perry was given Friday, November 20, in our auditorium.

The setting was that of an Indian camp. The plot concerned the legend of Niagara in which the heroine offered herself as a sacrifice to keep her tribe from invasion by the Delawares.

Dorothea Atwood had the role of Lelawala. Her father, Wokomis, was played by Harold Wright. Clarinda and Sargent Bilks played by Charlotte Jasmin and Joseph Guy respectively, furnished the comedy throughout the play with the aid of Lord Tatler, played

by Harold Atwater, and Eagle Eye by William Walsh. Captain Bliss and Mabel played by Fred Raynor and Clarice Hewey also provided the love interest.

THE SENIOR ASSEMBLY

The Senior Assembly which came on October 29 was originated in an interesting manner. By actual computation it was found that seventeen nationalities were represented among the members of the senior class. Different tableaux were enacted by seniors, portraying some feature of life in the different countries. Outstanding scenes were the fashion show, symbolizing France; the Macbeth scene, symbolizing England; the cafe scene, symbolizing Italy; and The Jig, symbolizing Ireland.

This assembly was conceived by the class officers: Lino Schinelli, Agnes Swanson, Ralph Lucardi, and Claire LePage, and a picked committee, Hazel Wentworth, Mary Assad, and Charlotte Jasmin. It was conducted under the able direction of Miss Ward and Miss Smith with assistance from Miss Hastings and Miss Perry.

PRO MERITO ASSEMBLY

On November 17 the student body gathered in the auditorium for the presentation of the Pro Merito Awards. After a brief speech by Esther Brown, Pauline Barbieri and Paul Adams, Mr. Williams gave a lecture on "How We Learn." In conclusion he presented the pins to the following Seniors: Paul Adams, William Walsh, Sophie Dymerski, Agnes Swanson, Pauline Barbieri, Abbie Abrams, Esther Brown, and Margaret Brady.

POSTER CONTEST

In the poster contest for the operetta prizes were awarded as follows: Irene Mulak, first prize, Claire LePage, second prize. Honorable mention was given to Elroy Benjamin, Avilda Goyette, Charlotte Jasmin.

(Continued on page 22)



"With health, everything is a source of pleasure;
Without it, nothing else is enjoyable."

—Schopenhauer.

FOOTBALL

With a veteran squad on hand Agawam traveled to Saugus to open their grid campaign. Lino Schinelli and Woodrow Roberts, newly named co-captains, led the Orange and Brown Gridsters to an impressive 20-13 victory over bigger and heavier rivals. One catastrophe marked the game in that Wally Thornton, able end, suffered a severe leg injury which incapacitated him for the remainder of the campaign.

Agawam opened their Western Massachusetts schedule two weeks later when Pittsfield High was met at Pynchon Park. Although outplaying her Berkshire rival the score ended in a 6-6 tie. The timely punting of Fuller featured in this game.

Another Berkshire rival, Adams High, was entertained by Agawam one week later. Co-captain Schinelli featured offensively with several long runs, which accounted for two touchdowns. Roberts, Zanco, and Lavalette played a strong game defensively. The final score read: Agawam 18, Adams 0.

Agawam met its strongest opponent of the year in Turners Falls. The lads from the Powertown produced a strong running and passing attack, as well as showing strong defensive ability. The final score read: Agawam 6, Turners Falls 6,—both teams having failed in the try for points after touchdowns.

Santanella and the Peradzick brothers played their usual strong game. Schinelli scored Agawam's lone marker.

The Agawam offensive attack really began to function a week later when Westfield High was overwhelmed 33-0. The accurate passing of Schinelli played a large part in the victory while the heavy blocking of Rosatti and Roberts made possible many long gains. Schinelli and substitute Scherpa both scored twice while Roberts scored the fifth Agawam touchdown.

The greatest of schoolboy rivalries was resumed on November 7 when Agawam traveled to Pynchon Park to meet the West Springfield eleven. Agawam showed their supreme superiority, as they scored in every period. John Rosatti scored after a 42-yard runback of a West Springfield punt. Captain Schinelli was outstanding when he scored 26 points, one touchdown coming after a 92-yard run of an intercepted pass. Rosatti and Babcock played a fine game with their running and blocking. West Springfield scored their one touchdown by means of a long pass and an end run. The final score: Agawam 33, West Springfield 6.

Agawam played the Commercial Junior Republic team of Litchfield, Conn., in their final game. We scored 51 points, the highest total of the season and held our opponents

scoreless. Captain Schinelli featured with 26 points. Coach Smith used many substitutes.

Before ending, praise should be given to those capable replacements—Cimaroli, Lucardi, Nardi, Scherpa, Trehey, Rosso, and Montana who proved their ability on more than one occasion.

Thus, Agawam chokes her 1936 football slate with a record of five victories and two ties, a thoroughly commendable record.

Edward Fitzgerald,
Edward Duclos.

BASKETBALL

Before long Coach Harmon Smith will be calling out his basketball candidates. The question that naturally arises is "What sort of a team will Agawam have?"

At present, conditions do not look very bright. Nearly all of the members of last year's championship team have either graduated or failed to return to school. These include Capt. Rivers, Grady, Connors, Masi, Armstrong and Berthume. From last year's squad their remains only Rosatti, Babock and Nardi—a very small group from which to develop a winning aggregation.

However, who knows what Coach Smith may produce? A safe bet is that Agawam will be represented by a winning team.



«GIRLS' ATHLETICS»

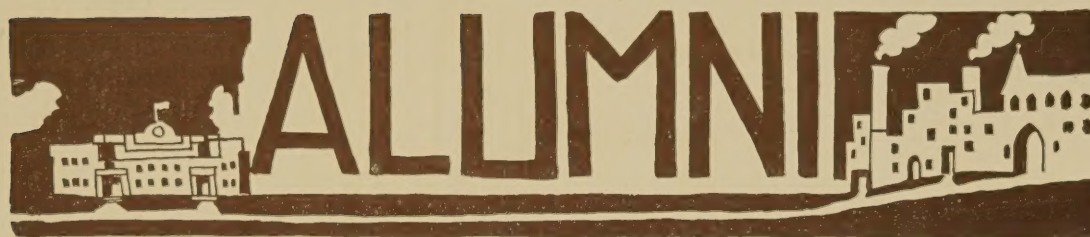
This year the girls are under supervision of a new instructor, Miss Hastings. Before class periods one may have heard the echo of hockey balls being slammed around the gym floor and nights after school one may have seen blue figures dotted on the hockey field practicing for interclass games.

The class teams were chosen and among these a "Scrub" team was organized composed of girls unclassified for their class, and three Senior members, Elaine Thompson, Esther DePalma, and Sophie Dymerski, who are the only Senior representatives. The following girls are captains of the various teams: Freshmen, Irene Marotte; Sophomore, Margaret Delaghia; Junior, Stella Calabrese; "Scrubs," Muriel LePage.

The Sophomores defeated the Freshmen 1-0 and the "Scrubs" were defeated by the Juniors 5-0. The Sophomores in a final victory over the Juniors with a score of 3-1 were awarded the inter-class hockey championship and thereby eligible for their numerals at the end of the year.

Having lost some good athletes through graduation the girls have worked hard to take their places on the Orange and Brown teams. Muriel LePage was elected captain of the Orange team and Esther DePalma of the Brown team. Their assistants are Priscilla Talmadge and Adrienne Rivers. The Brown team lost a hard fought and an exciting game being defeated 3-2 by the Orange squad.

Because of the excellent cooperation of the girls with Miss Hastings a most successful hockey season has come to a close.



"Oh, fondly on the past I dwell,
And oft recall those hours."
—George Linley.

Thanksgiving Day saw Fern Miller '34 happily married to Raymond Hubert of West Springfield.

There has been a very dark secret since 1934! Lavinia Raisebec's ('32) marriage to Raymond Potter of Suffield, Conn., was recently announced.

Mrs. Clinton Wright (Pauline Corriveau '29) has a new baby girl, Theresa Pauline Wright.

Rumor has it that Lybia Rovelli '31, who is now living in Italy has married a violinist there.

Barbara Phelps '35 is a freshman at Middlebury College. June Wheeler '36 is now attending Smith and Patricia Atwater '36 is at Bates. Melva Smith '36 is at Westfield Normal.

Alice Fickweiler '29 is now working at the Springfield Safe Deposit and Trust Company. Her sister Eleanor '35 will be found in Johnson's Bookstore working during the holiday rush.

West Point's latest graduates include Lieutenant Creighton Abrams who was recently married and is now stationed in Texas. He writes "The place is not a barren desert—I think we are going to like it."

The American Bosch employs many graduates. Among them are: Mary Chagnon and Rose Brusseau from the class of '34. Hazel Bennett '32, George Roos '30, Madeline Haynes '33, Robert Johnson '33. From the class of '36 are Catherine Shaer, Rita Galvin,

Rena and Theresa Montogna, Mary Hart and Robert Striniste.

Ethel Smith and Madeline Conte '36 are pursuing the secretarial course at Bay Path Institute.

Our talented violinist Alfred Thompkins '36 is now employed by the W. S. P. R. Broadcasting Studio.

If you walk into Baldarelli's Grocery Store you will be waited on by Ernest Swanson '32 and Gerald Cleary '32.

Philip Arnold '32 recently completed his four year term in the United States Navy. At present he is staying home.

We can still associate Clark Jones '32 with stars, only this time it isn't athletics—it's Armour's products.

Ralph Channel '28 and John Pedulla '28 are studying traffic conditions at Harvard.

Merrill Tisdell '35 is employed by the Chapman Valve Company.

Among those from Agawam now at Forbes are Muriel Webster '34 and Everett Ferrell '35.

Peggy Smith, from Havana, Cuba, ex-member of '35 visited Agawam this fall.

At Massachusetts State College several erstwhile Agawam graduates are furthering their education. Among these are: Walter Mosely '32; Edson Ferrell, Rita Provost and Dorothy Brown all of '33; Karl Burnett '35 and David Novelli '36.

David Guy of the class of '36 is a first year student at West Point Military Academy.

◀ THE AGAWAM MIRROR ▶

ALUMNI—*Continued*

Fred Bennett '34 has been elected president of the Junior class at A. I. C.

Adele Swanson '34 is secretary and cashier for the Mutual Trust Life Insurance Company.

Roger Merrill '36 is a freshman at Wentworth Institute in Boston.

Alvin Kellogg '35 and John Kennedy '34 are studying at Stockbridge School in Amherst.

Francis Lucardi '34 is doing secretarial work in a real estate office in Springfield.

Brandon Letellier '36 is working for Phelps Publishing Company.

Charles Jasmin and James Grady '36 are working in Hadleys Furniture Store.

SPECIAL ASSEMBLIES

Three superior assemblies have been presented by the Student Activity Association. The first of these was the Brown and Meneley musical program. The "Organ Chimes," a little known instrument with a beautiful tone was demonstrated. These two young men varied the program by their humor and the singing of popular and classical songs.

Mr. James Williams, a student at the University of Minnesota, gave a unique demonstration of the "Wonders of Liquid Air." He has spent his free time in experimenting with this extremely cold liquid, and proved to us the fundamental properties of Liquid Air.

The third of these programs was another musical presentation. This time the "Elias Tamburitza Seranaders" took us for "A Night in Yugoslavia" with their songs, dances, instruments, and costumes.

The Senior English classes were fortunate to have as guest speaker Mr. William T. Simpson, Professor of Dramatics at Springfield College. He discussed various types of plays and trends in modern drama.

GENERAL ASSEMBLIES

This year has brought us many interesting assemblies. At the first one in September Mr. Williams and Mr. Phelps welcomed the student body.

On September 24, Mr. N. P. Ames Carter spoke very interestingly about his experiences in Africa. He illustrated his lecture with colored slides.

We had the pleasure of hearing in assembly Dr. Ayres who gave us helpful hints on the care of the feet.

A special assembly was prepared in honor of Columbus on October 9. It was conducted by members of the Junior High.

The Salesmanship Class of the Agawam High School has entered, monthly, in a contest given in "The Business Education World," sponsored by John Robert Gregg.

Lillian Kreszko and Peter David were given honorable mention for the superior merit of their letters in the October Contest. They have each been awarded a copy of "Twenty Thousand Words" by Lewis A. Leslie in recognition of their excellence in business letter-writing.

SPEAKERS CLUB

A new organization known as The Speakers was formed this year under the direction of Miss Dickerman. Its purpose is to improve speech, and to give training in speaking with people or before an audience. Introductions, prepared speeches, debates, and like topics have been discussed at the meetings. The club will be host to the Valley Wheel Oratorical Contest in March.

The officers of the club are: Harold Atwater '38, President; Patricia Donnellan '38, Vice President; Elaine Thompson '37, Secretary; Tom Cummings '39, Treasurer; and Domit Shaer '37, Scribe.

« « EXCHANGES » »

"A fair exchange is no robbery."

MEMBERS OF THE WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS LEAGUE OF SCHOOL PUBLICATIONS

Amplifier, Huntington High School.
Arms Student, Arms Academy.
Atlas, Wilbraham Academy.
Commerce, High School of Commerce.
Craftsman, Springfield Trade School.
Deerfield Arrow, South Deerfield High School.
Exponent, Greenfield High School.
Graphic, Amherst High School.
Greylock, Adams High School.
Herald, Holyoke High School.
Herald, Westfield High School.
Hilltop, Warren High School.
Hopkins Arms, Hopkins Academy.
Hi-News, Ludlow High School.
Maroon and Gold Inkwell, Chicopee High School.
Mercury, West Springfield High School.
Mirror, Agawam High School.
Monsonia, Monson High School.
Monson Spirit, Monson Academy.
Netop, Turners Falls High School.
Palmer, Palmer High School.
Pendulum, Powers Institute.
Purple and White Echo, Smith Academy.
Razor Blade, Stafford Springs High School.
Recorder, Classical High School.
Spotlight, South Hadley High School.
Student's Review, Northampton High School.
Tech News, Technical High School.

EXCHANGES

Commerce—Commerce High School, Springfield, Mass.

Your enthusiasm for the "General Organization" should get results. A remark in the "Cookie Jar" to the effect that Walter Winchell burns the scandal at both ends tickled our funny bone.

The Mercury—West Springfield High School,

West Springfield, Mass.

We haven't met a school paper in a long time which was so well balanced between news, nonsense, inspiration and art.

The Junior Craftsman—Trade School, Springfield, Mass.

Sports seems to be your big enthusiasm. We missed literature and other school activities.

The Peddie News—The Peddie School for Boys, Heightstown, N. J.

Your paper might be improved by the addition of a literary department.

The Sign Board—Bay Path Institute, Springfield, Mass.

Your paper is well organized. We liked your "After-thoughts of the Play" in the June issue.

The Amplifier — Huntington High School, Huntington, Mass.

Congratulations to the artist who drew the cover design for your Hallowe'en issue. The illustrations heading the various departments were especially clever and appropriate.

Monsonia—Monson High School, Monson, Mass.

The poems and compositions in your October issue were excellent.

The Lasell News—Lasell Junior College, Auburndale, Mass.

Your editorials are very good. The picture of the "Typically Collegiate Room" on the front page of your latest issue caught our eye.

Razorblade—Stafford High School, Stafford Springs, Conn.

Your "Watch Tower" section is particularly interesting. The "News" section could be developed further.

The Deerfield Scroll—Deerfield Academy, Deerfield, Mass.

Your paper would be more interesting if you included a literary department.

CHRISTMAS

On Christmas Eve a child was born
Whose power is ever known.
He was wrapped in garments quite worn,
As he lay in the manger alone.

A star shone bright
Like gold in the night.
It showed the Wise Men their way,
To where the Christ Child lay.

A golden ring shone around his head
And glimmered in the light.
While his mother watched beside him,
On this joyful Christmas night.

Irene Vandersingel,
Seventh Grade.



SPORTS IN SEASON

When I'm sitting round a thinking like a fellow
likes to do
I just sort of start a dreaming 'bout the
winter and it's snow.
Guess I'd better start to fixing those good
old skates and sled
For I'm planning now for winter 'cause the
summer sports have fled.

When the snow is piled up deeply and the ice
is smooth as glass
There'll be skiing, sliding, skating, then the
winter, too, will pass.
There are sports for every season and I take
them one by one
For there are always new ones coming and
always old ones gone.

Wallace Gulliver,
Grade Seven.

CORRIDOR GOSSIP

This new bus system in Agawam is getting Agnes Swanson a bit confused. She thinks this new route is set up for sight seeing.

Why did Billy Walsh look so guilty when Paul Adams mentioned the knife, fork, and spoon episode that took place at the Pro Merito Convention.

If anyone is interested in buying motorcycle parts see Loraine Bailey and Muriel LePage. They visited the Indian Motorcycle plant recently.

Claire LePage finds that her extra activities leaves her with little time to mourn the loss of Rhody Spaight.

If Earle Williams keeps up his good work and continues to make the honor roll, Mr. Williams will not mind sharing his name with him.

Is it that Barbara Torrey is keeping in trim or that she meets a certain resident of Cooper Street on her walks to school in the morning.

Attention! David Blackburn's smiling face has been wearing a rather forlorn appearance lately. Can it be he has lost his dark-haired damsel?

What is the new attraction at Casey's Dancing School that causes so many Agawam students to flock there Saturday.

Boy that Sub-Deb Club sure is taking advantage of Leap Year!

It is rumored that Abbie Abrams will be a candidate in the next election, for the Secretary of the Interior, since she has learned that this person controls the CCC Camps.

Now that "Moose" Fuller is taking tap dancing lessons it will only be a matter of time when we shall expect him to go into his dance.

This habit of Ralph Lucardi and Billy Walsh taking every sign they see is getting to be notorious. No one will be seen in their company when they go to the city.

JOKES

Ed Duclos: "Hey Ed! Who was the slick girl I saw you with last night?"

Ed. Fitzgerald: "Heck, that wasn't no girl! That was my sister."

A. Davis: "Hey Angelo! I'll give you a quarter for your Student Council Badge."

A. Cimaroli: "Scram! It cost me a half a buck."

Teacher: "If you added these columns of figures, twenty-five in each, what would you have?"

Pupil: "A good headache!!"

L. Gatti: "Mr. Reynolds, I joined the National Guard."

Mr. Reynolds: "That's great Lino, what's your job?"

L. Gatti: "I'm General."

Mr. Reynolds: "Oh! I see, General Nuisance!!"

Miss Crowley: "Name something we can do to improve our school."

Ed. Fitzgerald: "Repair the windows with broken or cracked glass."

Mr. Quirk (checking up on his Biology Class): "Is anybody here absent?"

Miss Belyea: "John! What are you doing with that book on your nose?"

John Hart: "I'm only balancing the ledger, Miss Belyea."

Laurence Scherpa can certainly wiggle his tongue, but not fast enough to say chat-ahoochu!

Miss Ward: "Why was the battle of Bunker Hill fought?"

E. T.: "To get the monument."

Shaer (giving a history report): "The climax at its lowest point—"

Avia Johnson (trying on costumes): "I wouldn't be seen in cheese cloth."

Mr. Langlois: "Oh yes, you would!"

Miss Smith: "Raynor, look at the black-board."

Raynor (gazing at Adams): "I am."

Miss Smith: "That's quite a compliment for you, Adams."

Domit Shaer (a little bewildered): "You have heard what I had to said."

Fred Nardi: "Hi boys! I hear you're taking up farming in a big way."

Mac Wilson: "Yeah, it was so big—"

Ed. Fitzgerald: "—that we dropped it!"

Ruth: "How many candles were burned up at the Tri-Hi dance?"

Mary: "None, they were all burned down!"

Miss Ward: "It is a very interesting tour to go through the mint in Washington."

Honey Lucardi: "Do they give any samples?"

THE AGAWAM MIRROR

Nardi (discussing Elizabethan literature):
"Bacon's life was divided into three periods
and once he was a Child."

Mr. Hadley took a rabbit up with him in
his aeroplane. The rabbit got frightened (do
you blame it?) and fell overboard. Mr. Hadley
dropped a bottle of Listerine because he knew
it was good for falling hare.

Mr. Hadley: "What effect does carbon
monoxide have on a person?"

Jensen: "The same effect as too much
liquor."

Question on chemistry test: "A copper penny
has some oxide on it. How would you remove
it without damaging the copper?"

Answer: "If you wish to clean the dullness
of Lincoln's face or unoxidize him, you would
dip the coin in nitric acid and thus wash his
face."

It seems that Albert Christopher has taken
a certain scene in the Operetta with the lead-
ing lady seriously.

After that harmonious outburst of melody
in English class retital of Elizabethan music,
we've heard that an eminent theatrical pro-
ducer is after the services of our trio, Walsh,
Abrams, and Lucardi.

Tommy Ashe: "She has a very difficult
part in the new play."

Aiva Johnson: "Difficult? Why she doesn't
day a word!"

Tommy: "Well isn't that difficult for a
woman?"

Woody Roberts ordering a dinner: "Waiter,
I want fried potatoes with pork chops, and
have the chops lean."

Waiter: "Yes sir, which way, sir?"

Mr. Smith: "You ought to cut my hair
cheaper, there isn't much to cut."

Barber: "Oh, no. In your case we don't
charge for cutting the hair—we charge for
searching for it."

Great Puzzle: "What are Earl Parodzick
and William Littlefield doing at the dentist's
every morning?"

Lady (shopping): "I want to see some
mirrors."

Floorwalker: "Hand mirrors, madam?"

Lady: "No; some that you can see your
face in."

Dorothea Atwood: "I'm never happy unless
I'm breaking into song."

Ralph Lucardi: "Why don't you get the
key and you won't have to break in?"

Customer: "Waiter, a little bird told me
this coffee was not strained."

Waiter: "A little bird, sir?"

Customer: "Yes, a swallow."

"I asked her if I could see her home."

"And what did she say?"

"She said she would send me a picture of it."

Teacher: "Name five animals that come
from the Arctic."

Jimmy: "Two seals and three Polar bears."

P. A.: "Ginger ale."

Waiter: "Pale?"

P. A.: "Good gracious, no. Just a glass."

JUNIOR HIGH

THE CURRENT EVENTS CLUB

The Current Events Club of the eighth grade of the Agawam Junior High School was organized on September 18, 1936. The purposes of the club are to help its members to become more familiar with the world news, to learn to conduct business meetings, to help them to acquire ability and ease in speaking before an audience, to be able to exchange opinions, to enjoy social events, and to help publish a Junior High newspaper.

The officers of this club were elected at the first meeting. They are:

President.....Wilbur Miller
 Vice President.....Catherine Smith
 Secretary.....Alma Lodi
 Treasurer.....Louis Lecompte

The meetings are held every Friday at 12.30 in room 4.

Each week a chosen committee prepares a program in which various members partake. The speeches given are usually taken from the Current Events paper and are often made interesting by giving them in the form of a Vox Pop program, a radio program, or in other various ways of presentation. One of the other papers used is the Young American for which some of the members have subscribed. A general discussion follows the conclusion of the program. These discussions give the pupils an opportunity to report news heard over the radio, or read in daily papers.

A Christmas party is being planned by a committee. It will probably take place the week preceeding our Christmas vacation.

Catherine Smith,
 Grade Eight.

HONOR ROLL

Junior High--November 1936

Eighth Grade: Stanley Anderson, Geraldine Balboni, David Cesan, Evelyn Comeau, Robert Grady, Lorraine Hawkes, Alma Lodi, Myrtle Maillard, Wilbur Miller, Millie Pisano, Elizabeth Sjostrom, Catherine Smith, Jennie Subotin, Frances Zanco, Thelma Wheeler, Gloria Savioli, Joseph Pisano, Raymond Raschi, Phillip DeForge, Edward Mason, Edmund Massa, Edith Marinetti, and Bernice Brown.

Seventh Grade: Samuel Grimaldi, Shirley Matteson, Elaine Salini, and Roland Swanson.

BETTER SPEECH CLUB

Miss Potter helped us, the eighth graders to organize a Better Speech Club which holds its meetings every other Friday. The aims of this club are to gain ease, freedom and poise when talking before an audience, to think in an orderly way, to increase our vocabulary, to exchange opinions with each other and to learn how to conduct a business meeting.

Freedom, ease and poise are three necessities to a good speech. When you have none of these you give your facts in disorderly arranged sentences which does not have much meaning for the audience.

The officers of the Better Speech Club try to select topics for us that will teach new facts and stimulate our reasoning powers. Occasionally girls from the typing department come down and take our speeches in short-

◀ THE AGAWAM MIRROR ▶

hand. Later they are transcribed and returned to the pupils so each one can see his own mistakes.

We feel that the Better Speech Club is helping us to learn to observe accurately, to think clearly and to speak correctly and effectively.

Myrtle Maillard,
Eighth Grade.

GLEE CLUB

The eighth grade Glee Club is composed of forty singers chosen from the various eighth grade rooms. Every Thursday this Glee Club spends the 12:30 study period practicing songs. Our first performance was singing as a choir in the Thanksgiving Assembly. We sang the following Thanksgiving hymns: Thanks be to God, The Netherlands, Prayer, and Drology. Later on in the year, under the supervision of Miss Perry, we may give Pop Concerts as a climax to our activities.

Miss Perry has also organized a Junior Orchestra. The purposes of this orchestra are to give help to any beginner on any musical instrument, to help them to learn to play with others and to train them for the senior high orchestra.

Edith Marinetti,
Grade Eight.

JUNIOR HIGH SPORTS NEWS

The Junior High football teams are playing for the championship cups. The two teams with the highest number of points in both seventh and eighth grades are competing. The competing teams in the seventh grade are Miss Carman's room and Miss Deely's room. In the eighth grade Miss Potter's room and Mr. Harris's room are the competing rooms. In both grades these teams will have to play three games for the cup. The teams that win two out of three games will get the championship cup. At present in the seventh grade Miss Carman's room is

ahead. In the eighth grade Miss Potter's room is ahead.

Samuel Grimaldi,
Grade Seven.

November 16, 1936,
Feeding Hills, Mass.

Dear Pat:

It is too bad that you broke your leg, but as long as you have maybe you will catch up on some of your back reading.

I have just finished a book I think you would enjoy. It is *Eight Cousins* by Louise M. Alcott. She also wrote *Little Men* and *Little Women*.

The story takes place in a small New England town. The girl has seven boy cousins and the book tells of her good times with them while in charge of her Uncle Alec.

Rose, a yellow haired sweet girl of twelve, is the heroine. Her oldest cousin's name is Archie and he is sixteen. Then there is Prince Charlie, so called because of his very good manners, the Twins who always seem to think of new ideas in the way of entertainment and the smallest who liked Rose because she had pockets full of candy. There was Rose's Uncle Alec also who took care of her and brought her up.

The most important part is when in the presence of all her aunts, uncles and cousins Rose has to decide whom she wants to live with.

In one part the boys fix up a skeleton that Uncle Alec uses for study. They tie strings on one hand of it and when Rose comes into the room looking for them, they make the hand beckon to her. They are disgusted with her because she isn't afraid.

I am sure that you would like this book and I think your brother would too. I have started *Rose in Bloom* which tells of her when she is grown up.

Sincerely yours,
Shirley Spring,
Grade Seven.

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